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TRANSLATIONS

AND

PARAPHRASES,

IN VERSE,

OF SEVERAL PASSAGES OF

Sacred Scripture.

COLLECTED AND PREPARED

By a Committee of the GENERAL ASSEMBLY of
the Church of SCOTLAND, in Order to be
sung in Churches.

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TRANSLATIONS and PARAPHRASES,

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SACRED SCRIPTURE.

I. GENESIS i.

- 1 **L**ET heav'n arise, let earth appear,
said the Almighty Lord :
The heav'n arose, the earth appear'd,
at his creating word.
- 2 Thick darkness brooded o'er the deep :
God said, " Let there be light ;"
The light shone forth with smiling rays,
and scatter'd ancient night.
- 3 He bade the clouds ascend on high ;
the clouds ascend and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
and float upon the air.
- 4 The liquid element below
was gather'd by his hand ;
The rolling seas together flow,
and leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
the new-form'd globe he crown'd,

Ere there was rain to blifs the foil,
or fun to warm the ground.

6 Then high in heav'n's resplendent arch
he plac'd two orbs of light ;
He fet the sun to rule the day,
the moon to rule the night.

7 Next, from the deep, th' Almighty King
did vital beings frame ;
Fowls of the air, of ev'ry wing,
and fish of ev'ry name.

8 To all the various brutal tribes
he gave their wond'rous birth ;
At once the lion and the worm
sprung from the seeming earth.

9 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
at last was Adam made ;
His Maker's image blest'd his soul,
and glory crown'd his head.

10 Fair in th' Almighty Maker's eye
the whole creation stood.
He view'd the fabric he had rais'd ;
His word pronounc'd it good.

II. GENESIS xxviii. 20.—22.

1 O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
hast all our fathers led ;

2 Our vows, our pray'rs, we now present
before thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers ! be the God
of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life,
our wand'ring footsteps guide ;

Give

Give us each day our daily bread,
and raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around
till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
our soul's arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
our humble pray'rs implore ;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
and portion evermore.

III. JOB i. 21.

1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,
and enter'd life at first ;
Naked we to the earth return,
and mix with kindred dust.

2 Whate'er we fondly call our own
belongs to heav'n's great Lord ;
The blessings lent us for a day
are soon to be restor'd.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
or sinks them in the grave :
He gives ; and when he takes away,
he takes but what he gave.

4 Then, ever blessed be his name !
his goodness swell'd our store ;
His justice but resumes its own ;
'tis ours still to adore.

IV. JOB iii. 17—20.

1 **H**OW still and peaceful is the grave,
where life's vain tumults pass,
The appointed house by Heav'n's decree
receives us all at last.

- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease ;
their passions rage no more ;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
from all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
from Slav'ry's sad abode ;
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
or dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There servants, masters, small and great,
partake the same repose ;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
of those who once were foes.
- 5 All, levell'd by the hand of Death,
lie sleeping in the tomb ;
Till God in judgment call them forth
to meet their final doom.

V. JOB v. 6,--12.

- 1 **T**HOU trouble springs not from the dust,
nor sorrow from the ground ;
Yet ills on ills, by Heav'n's decree,
in man's estate are found.
- 2 As sparks in close succession rise,
so man, the child of woe,
is doom'd to endless cares and toils
through all his life below.
- 3 But with my God I leave my cause ;
from him I seek relief ;
To him, in confidence of pray'r,
unbosom all my grief.
- 4 Unnumber'd are his wondrous works,
unsearchable his ways ;
'Tis his the mourning soul to cheer,
the bowed down to raise.

(7)
VI. JOB viii. 11,—22.

1 **T**HE rush may rise where waters flow,
and flags beside the stream ;
But soon their verdure fades and dies
before the scorching beam,

2 So is the sinner's hope cut off ;
or, if it transient rise,

'Tis like the spiders's airy web,
from ev'ry breath that flies.

3 Fix'd on his house he leans ; his house,
and all its proprs, decay :

He holds it fast ; but while he holds,
the tott'ring frame gives way.

4 Fair in his garden to the sun
his boughs with verdure smile ;

And, deeply fix'd, his spreading roots
unshaken stand awhile.

5 But forth the sentence flies from Heav'n,
that sweeps him from his place ;

Which then denies him for its lord,
nor owns it knew his face.

6 Lo ! this the joy of wicked men,
who Heav'n's high laws despise ;

They quickly fall ; and in their room
as quickly others rise.

7 But, for the just, with gracious care
God will his power employ ;

He'll teach their lips to sing his praise,
and fill their hearts with joy.

VII. JOB ix. 2,—10.

1 **H**OW should the sons of Adam's race
be pure before their God ?

If he contends in right'ousness,
we sink beneath his rod.

2 If he should mark my words and thoughts
with strict inquiring eyes,
Could I for one of thousand faults
the least excuse devise ?

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise ;
who dares with him contend ?
Or who, that tries th' unequal strife,
shall prosper in the end ?

4 He makes the mountains feel his wrath,
and their own seats forsake ;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
and all her pillars shake.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise :
th' obedient sun forbears :
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
and seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the raging sea :
flies on the stormy wind :
None can explore his wond'rous way,
or his dark footsteps find.

VIII. JOB xiv. 1,—15.

FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born !
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
"and shalt to dust return."

Behold the emblem of thy state,
as flow'rs that bloom and die ;
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
that mocks the gazer's eye.

Dust and frail, how shalt thou stand
before thy Sov'reign Lord ?

Can troubled and polluted springs
a hallow'd stream afford ?

- 4 Determin'd are the days that fly
successive o'er thy head ;
The number'd hour is on the wing
that lays thee with the dead.
- 5 Great God ! afflict not in thy wrath
the short allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
of pilgrimage to man.
- 6 All nature dies, and lives again :
the flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
and boughs and blossoms yield,
- 7 Resign the honours of their form
at winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked leafless plain
a desolated waste.
- 8 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
anew shall deck the plain ;
The woods shall bear the voice of Spring,
and flourish green again.
- 9 But man forsakes this earthly scene,
ah ! never to return !
Shall any following Spring revive
the ashes of the urn ?
- 10 The mighty flood that rolls along
its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recal its waters lost
from that abyss again.
- 11 So days, and years, and ages pass,
descending down to night,

Can henceforth never more return
back to the gates of light :

12 And man, when laid in lonesome grave,
shall sleep in Death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
the slumbers of the tomb.

13 O may the grave become to me
the bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
and mingle with the blest !

14 Chear'd by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait Heav'n's high decree,
Till the appointed period come
when Death shall set me free.

IX. JOB xxvi. 6. to the end.

1 **W**HO can resist th' Almighty arm,
that made the starry sky ?
Or who elude the certain glance,
Of God's all-seeing eye ?

2 From him no cov'ring veils our crimes,
hell opens to his sight ;
And all Destruction's secret snares
lie full disclos'd in light.

3 Firm on the boundless void of space
he pois'd the steady pole ;
And in the circle of his clouds
had secret waters roll.

4 While Nature's universal frame
its Maker's pow'r reveals,
His throne, remote from mortal eyes,
an awful cloud conceals.

5 From where the rising day ascends,
to where it sets in night,

- He compasses the floods with bounds,
and checks their threat'ning might.
- 6 The pillars that support the sky
tremble at his rebuke ;
'Thro' all its caverns quakes the earth,
as though its centre shook.
- 7 He brings the waters from their beds,
although no tempest blows ;
And smites the kingdom of the proud
without the hand of foes.
- 8 With bright inhabitants above
he fills the heav'nly land,
And all the crooked serpent's breed
dismay'd before him stand.
- 9 Few of his works can we survey ;
these few our skill transcend ;
But the full thunder of his pow'r
what heart can comprehend ?

X. PROV. i. 20,—31.

- 1 **I**N streets, and op'nings of the gates,
where pours the busy crowd,
Thus heav'nly Wisdom lifts her voice,
and cries to men aloud :
- 2 How long, ye scorers of the truth,
scornful will ye remain ?
How long shall fools their folly love,
and hear my words in vain ?
- 3 O turn, at last, at my reproof !
and in that happy hour,
His bless'd effusions on your heart
my Spirit down shall pour.
- 4 But since so long with earnest voice
to you in vain I call,

Since all my counsels and reproofs
thus ineffectual fall ;

- 5 The time will come, when humbl'd low
in sorrow's evil day,
Your voice by anguish shall be taught,
but taught too late to pray.
- 6 When, like the whirlwind, o'er the deep
comes Desolation's blast,
Pray'rs then extorted shall be vain,
the hour of mercy past.
- 7 The choice you made has fix'd your doom ;
for this is Heav'n's decree,
That with the fruits of what he sow'd
the sinner fill'd shall be.

XI. PROV. iii. 13,—17.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice ;
And who celestial Wisdom makes
his early, only choice !

- 1 For she has treasures greater far,
than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
than all their stores of gold.
- 2 In her right hand she holds to view
a length of happy days ;
Riches, with splendid honours join'd,
are what her left displays.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence
in pleasure's paths to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
upon the hoary head.
- 4 According as his labours rise,
so her rewards increase ;

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Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
and all her paths are peace.

XII. PROV. vi. 6,—12.

- 1 **Y**E indolent and slothful ! rise,
View the ant's labours, and be wise.
She has no guide to point her way,
No ruler chiding her delay.
2. Yet see with what incessant cares
She for the winter's storm prepares ;
In summer she provides her meat,
And harvest finds her store complete.
- 3 But when will slothful man arise ?
How long shall sleep seal up his eyes ?
Sloth more indulgence still demands ;
Sloth shuts the eyes, and folds the hands.
- 4 But mark the end ; want shall assail,
When all your strength and vigour fail ;
Want, like an armed man, shall rush
The hoary head of age to crush.

XIII. PROV. viii. 22. to the end.

- 1 **K**EEP silence, all ye sons of men,
and hear with rev'rence due ;
Eternal Wisdom from above
us lifts her voice to you :
- 2 I was th' Almighty's chief delight,
from everlasting days,
Ere yet his arm was stretched forth
the heav'ns and earth to raise.
- 3 Before the sea began to flow,
and leave the solid land,
Before the hills and mountains rose,
I dwelt at his right hand.

- 4 When first he rear'd the arch of heav'n,
and spread the clouds on air,
When first the fountains of the deep
he open'd, I was there.
- 5 There I was with him when he stretch'd
his compass o'er the deep,
And charg'd the ocean's swelling waves
within their bounds to keep.
- With joy I saw th' abode prepar'd
which men were soon to fill ;
Them from the first of days I lov'd ;
unchang'd, I love them still.
- Now therefore hearken to my words,
Ye children ! and be wise :
Happy the man that keeps my ways ;
the man that shuns them, dies ;
- Where dubi'us paths perplex the mind,
direction I afford ;
Life shall be his that follows me,
and favour from the Lord.
- But he who scorns my sacred laws
shall deeply wound his heart ;
He courts destruction who contemns
the counsel I impart.

XIV, ECCLES. vii. 2,—6.

WHILE others crowd the house of mirth
and haunt the gaudy show,
Let such as would with Wisdom dwell,
frequent the house of woe.

Better to weep with those who weep,
and share the afflicted's smart,
Than mix with fools in giddy joys,
that cheat and wound the heart.

- 3 When virt'ous sorrow clouds the face,
and tears bedim the eye,
The soul is led to solemn thought,
and wasted to the sky.
- 4 The wise in heart revisit oft
grief's dark sequester'd cell ;
The thoughtless, still, with levity
and mirth delight to dwell.
- 5 The noisy laughter of the fool
is like the crackling sound
Of blazing thorns, which quickly fall
in ashes to the ground.

XV. ECCLES. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

- 1 **A**S long as life its term extends,
Hope's blest dominion never ends ;
For while the lamp holds out to burn,
The greatest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the season God hath giv'n
To fly from hell, and rise to heav'n ;
That day of grace fleets fast away,
And none its rapid course can stay.
- 3 The living know that they must die ;
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their mem'ry and their name is gone,
Alike unknowing, and unknown.
- 4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust ;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 5 Then what thy thoughts design to do
Still let thy hands with might pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor wisdom, underneath the ground.

- 6 In the cold grave, to which we haste,
There are no acts of pardon past ;
But fix'd the doom of all remains,
And everlasting silence reigns.

XVI. ECCLES. xii. 1.

- 1 **I**N life's gay morn, when sprightly youth,
with vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
which beauty can disclose ;
- 2 Deep on thy soul, before its pow'rs
are yet by vice enslav'd.
Be thy Creator's glori'us name
and character engrav'd.
- 3 For soon the shades of grief shall cloud
the sunshine of thy days ;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
encompass all thy ways.
- 4 Soon shall thy heart, the woes of age,
in mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
that now return no more.

XVII. ISAIAH i. 10,—19.

- R**ULERS of Sodom ! hear the voice
of heav'n's eternal Lord :
Men of Gomorrah ! bend your ear
submissive to his word.

- 1 'Tis thus he speaks : To what intent
are your oblations vain ?
Why load my altars with your gifts,
polluted and profane ?
- 2 Burnt-off'rings long may blaze to heav'n,
and incense cloud the skies ;
The worship and the worshipper
are hateful in my eyes.

4 Your

- 4 Your rites, your fasts, your pray'rs, I scorn,
and pomp of solemn days :
I know your hearts are full of guile,
and crooked are your ways.
- 5 But cleanse your hands, ye guilty race,
and cease from deeds of sin ;
Learn in your actions to be just,
and pure in heart within.
- 6 Mock not my name with honours vain,
but keep my holy laws ;
Do justice to the friendless'poor,
and plead the widow's cause.
- 7 Then, tho' your guilty souls are stain'd
with sins of crimson die,
Yet, thro' my grace, with snow itself
in whiteness they shall vie.

XVIII. ISAIAH ii. 2,—6.

- B**EHOLD ! the mountain of the Lord
in latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
and draw the wond'ring eyes:
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
all tribes and tongues shall flow,
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
and to his house, we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion hill
shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge ;
his judgments truth shall guide,
His sceptre shall protect the just,
and quell the sinner's pride.

- 1 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
 disturb those peaceful years ;
 2 To plough-shares men shall beat their swords,
 to pruning hooks, their spears.
 3 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts
 shall crowds of slain deplore ;
 They hang the trumpet in the hall,
 and study war no more.
 4 Come, then, O house of Jacob ! come
 to worship at his shrine ;
 And, walking in the light of God,
 with holy beauties shine.

XIX. ISAIAH ix. 2,—8.

THE race that long in darkness pin'd
 have seen a glorious light ;
 The people dwell in day who dwelt
 in Death's surrounding night.

To hail thy rise, thou better Sun !
 the gath'ring nations come,
 Joyous, as when the reapers bear
 the harvest-treasures home.

For thou our burden hast remov'd,
 and quell'd th' oppressor's sway ;

Quick as the slaughter'd squadrons fell
 in Midian's evil day.

To us a Child of hope is born ;
 to us a Son is giv'n ;

Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 him, all the hosts of heav'n.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
 for evermore ador'd,

The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 the great and mighty Lord.

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- 6 His pow'r increasing still shall spread;
his reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard his throne above,
and peace abound below.

XX. ISAIAH xxvi. 1, 7.

- 1 **N**OW glori'us Zion's courts appear,
the city of our God!
His throne he hath establish'd here,
here fix'd his lov'd abode.

- 2 Its walls, defended by his grace,
no pow'r shall e'er o'erthrow;
Salvation is its bulwark sure
against th' assailing foe.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
the doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, who obey
the statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,
and dwell in perfect peace,
Ye who have known Jehovah's name,
and trusted in his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord; for ever trust
and banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells
eternal as his years.
- 6 What tho' the wicked dwell on high!
his arm shall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave
their lofty heads shall bow.
- 7 Along the dust shall they be spread
their tow'rs, that brave the skies
On them the needy's feet shall tread,
and on their ruins rise.

XXI. ISAIAH xxxiii. 13,—18.

1. **A**TTEND, ye tribes that dwell remote,
ye tribes at hand, give ear;
Th' upright in heart alone have hope;
the false in heart have fear.

2. The man who walks with God in truth,
and ev'ry guile disdains,
Who hates to lift Oppression's rod,
and scorns its shameful gains;

3. Whose soul abhors th' impious bribe,
that tempts from truth to stray:
And from th' enticing snares of vice
who turns his eyes away;

His swelling, 'midst the strength of rocks,
shall ever stand secure;

His Father will provide his bread;
his waters shall be sure.

For him the kingdom of the just
shall doth glorious shine;

And he the King of kings shall see
in majesty divine.

XXII. ISAIAH xl. 27; to the end.

WHY pour'st thou forth thine anxi'us
despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cause,
and did not hear thy grief?

Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,
that firm remains on high

The everlasting throne of him
who form'd the earth and sky?

Shall thou think his power shall fail, or will
his arm be weary and his sight dim?

Shall he all-creating armament
be weary or decay?

- 4 Supreme in wisdom as in pow'r
the Rock of ages stands ;
Tho' him thou canst not see, nor trace
the working of his hands.
- 5 He gives the conquest to the weak,
supports the fainting heart ;
And courage in the evil hour
his heav'nly aids impart.
- 6 Mere human pow'r shall fast decay,
and youthful vigour cease ;
But they who wait upon the Lord,
in strength shall still increase.
- 7 They with unwear'd feet shall tread
the path of life divine ;
With growing ardour onward move,
with growing brightness shine.
- 8 On eagle's wings they mount, they soar,
their wings are faith and love,
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
they rise to heav'n above.

XXIII. ISAIAH xlii. 1.—12.

- 1 **B**EHOLD my Servant ! see him
exalted in my might !
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.
- 2 On him, in rich effusion pour'd,
my Spirit shall descend ;
My truths and judgments he shall show
to earth's remotest end.
- 3 Gentle and still shall be his voice ;
no threats from him proceed ;
The smoking flax he shall not quench,
nor break the bruised reed.

- 4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise ;
the weak will not despise :
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
and make the fallen rise.
- 5 The progress of his zeal and pow'r
shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands, and distant isles,
receive the law divine.
- 6 He who erected heav'n's bright arch,
and bade the planets roll,
Who peopled all the climes of earth,
and form'd the human soul.
- 7 Thus saith the Lord, Thee have I rais'd
my Prophet thee install ;
In right I've rais'd thee, and in strength
I'll succour whom I call.
- 8 I will establish with the lands
a covenant in thee,
To give the Gentile nations light,
and set the pris'ners free.
- 9 Asunder burst the gates of brass ;
the iron fetters fall ;
And gladsome light, and liberty,
are straight restor'd to all.
- 10 I am the Lord, and by the name
of great Jehovah known ;
No idol shall usurp my praise,
nor mount into my throne.
- 11 Lo ! former scenes, predicted once,
conspicu'us rise to view ;
And future scenes, predicted now,
shall be accomplished too.

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- 12 Sing to the Lord in joyful strains !
 let earth his praise resound,
 Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
 and fill the isles around !
- 13 O city of the Lord ! begin
 the universal song ;
 And let the scatter'd villages
 the chearful notes prolong.
- 14 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
 lift up its lonely voice,
 And let the tenants of the Rock
 with accents rude rejoice ;
- 15 Till 'midst the streams of distant lands
 the islands sound his praise ;
 And, all combin'd, wit' one accord,
 Jehovah's glories raise.

XXIV. ISAIAH xlix. 13.—17.

- 1 **Y**E heav'ns, send forth your song of praise !
 earth, raise your voice below
 Let hills and mountains join the hymn
 and joy thro' nature flow.
- 2 Behold how gracious is our God !
 hear the consoling strains
 In which he cheers our drooping hearts,
 and mitigates our pains.
- 3 Cease ye, when days of darkness come,
 in sad dismay to mourn,
 As if the Lord could leave his saints
 forsaken or forlorn.
- 4 Can the fond mother e'er forget
 the infant whom she bore ?
 And can its plaintive cries be heard,
 nor move compassion more ?

5 She may forget : nature may fail,
 a parent's heart to move ;
 But Zion on my heart shall dwell
 in everlasting love.

6 Full in my sight, upon my hands
 I have engrav'd her name ;
 My hands shall build her ruin'd walls,
 and raise her broken frame.

XXV. ISAIAH liii.

1 **H**OW few receive with cordi'l faith
 the tidings which we bring ?
 How few have seen the arm reveal'd
 of heav'n's eternal King ?

2 The Saviour comes ! no outward pomp
 bespeaks his presence nigh ;
 No earthly beauty shines in him
 to draw the carnal eye.

3 Fair as the beaut'ous tender flow'r
 amidst the desert grows,
 So, slighted by a rebel-race,
 the heav'nly Saviour rose.

4 Rejected and despis'd of men,
 behold a man of woe !
 Grief was his close companion still,
 through all his life below.

5 Yet all the griefs he felt were ours,
 ours were the woes he bore ;
 Pangs, not his own, his spotless soul
 with bitter anguish tore.

6 We held him as condemn'd by Heav'n,
 an outcast from his God,
 While for our sins he groan'd, he bled,
 beneath his Father's rod.

7 His

- 7 His sacred blood hath wash'd our souls
from sin's polluted stain ;
His stripes have heal'd us, and his death
reviv'd our souls again.
- 8 We all, like sheep, had gone astray
in ruin's fatal road ;
On him were our transgressions laid ;
he bore the mighty load.
- 9 Wrong'd and oppress'd, how meekly he
in patient silence stood !
Mute, as the peaceful harmless lamb
when brought to shed its blood.
- 10 Who can his generation tell ?
from prison see him led,
With impi'us shew of law condemn'd ;
and number'd with the dead.
- 11 'Midst sinners low in dust he lay ;
the rich a grave supply'd :
Unspotted was his blameless life,
unstain'd by sin, he died.
- 12 Yet God shall raise his head on high,
though thus he brought him low ;
His sacred off'ring, when complete,
shall terminate his woe.
- 13 For, saith the Lord, my pleasure then
shall prosper in his hand ;
His shall a num'rous offspring be,
and still his honours stand.
- 14 His soul, rejoicing, shall behold
the purchase of his pain ;
And all the guilty whom he sav'd
shall bless Messiah's reign.

15 He with the great shall share the spoil,
and baffle all his foes ;
Tho' rank'd with sinners here he fell,
a conqueror he rose.

16 He died to bear the guilt of men,
that sin might be forgiv'n :
He lives to bless them and defend,
and plead their cause in heaven.

XXVI. ISAIAH lv.

HO ! ye that thirst, approach the spring
where living waters flow ;
Free to that sacred fountain all
without a price may go.

How long to streams of false delight
will ye in crowds repair ?
How long your strength and substance waste
on trifles light as air ?

My stores afford those rich supplies
that health and pleasure give ;
Incline your ear, and come to me ;
the soul that hears shall live.

With you a covenant I will make,
that ever shall endure ;
The hope, which gladden'd David's heart
my mercy hath made sure.

Behold he comes ! your leader comes,
with might and honour crown'd ;
A witness, who shall spread my name
to earth's remotest bound.

See ! nations hasten to his call
from ev'ry distant shore ;
And yet unknowns shall bow to him,
and Isra'ls God adore.

- 7 Seek ye the Lord, while yet his ear
is open to your call ;
While offer'd mercy still is near,
before his footstool fall.
- 8 Let sinners quit their evil ways,
their evil thoughts forego ;
And God, when they to him return,
returning grace will show.
- 9 He pardons with o'erflowing love :
for hear the voice divine :
My nature is not like to yours,
nor like your ways are mine :
- 10 But far as heav'n's resplendent orbs
beyond earth's spot extend,
As far my thoughts, as far my ways,
your ways and thoughts transcend.
- 11 And as the rains from heav'n distil,
nor thither mount again,
But swell the earth with fruitful juice,
and all its tribes sustain ;
- 12 So not a word that flows from me
shall ineffectu'l fall ;
But universal nature prove ;
obedient to my call.
- 13 With joy and peace shall then be led
the glad converted lands ;
The lofty mountains then shall sing,
the forests clap their hands.
- 14 Where briers grew, 'midst barren wilds,
shall firs and myrtles spring ;
And nature, thro' its utmost bounds,
eternal praises sing.

XXVII. ISAIAH lvii. 15, 16.

1 **T**HUS speaks the High and Lofty One ;
ye tribes of earth give ear ;

The words of your Almighty King
with sacred rev'rence hear :

2 Amidst the majesty of heav'n
my throne is fix'd on high ;

And through eternity I hear
the praises of the sky :

3 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
the humble hallow'd cell ;

And with the penitent who mourn
'tis my delight to dwell ;

4 The downcast spirit to revive,
the sad in soul to chear ;

And from the bed of dust the man
of heart contrite to rear.

5 With me dwells no relentless wrath
against the human race ;

The souls which I have form'd shall find
a refuge in my grace.

XXVIII. ISAIAH lviii. 5,—9.

1 **A**TTEND, and mark the solemn fast
which to the Lord is dear ;

Disdain the false unhallowed mask
which vain dissemblers wear.

2 Do I delight in sorrow's dress ?
saith he who reigns above ;

The hanging head, and rueful look,
will they attract my love ?

3 Let such as feel oppression's load,
thy tender pity share ;

And let the helpless homeless poor
be thy peculiar care.

Go.

One ;.

- 4 Go, bid the hungry orphan be
with thy abundance blest'd ;
Invite the wand'rer to thy gate,
and spread the couch of rest.
- 5 Let him who pines with piercing cold
by thee be warm'd and clad ;
Be thine the blissful task to make
the downcast mourner glad.
- 6 Then, bright as morning, shall come forth,
in peace and joy, thy days ;
And glory from the Lord above
shall shine on all thy ways.

XXIX. LAMENT. iii. 37,—40.

- 1 **A** MIDST the mighty, where is he
who saith, and it is done ?
Each varying scene of changeful life
is from the Lord alone.
- 2 He gives in gladsome bow'rs to dwell,
or clothes in sorrow's shroud ;
His hand hath form'd the light, his hand
hath form'd the dark'ning cloud.
- 3 Why should a living man complain
beneath the chast'ning rod ?
Our sins afflict us ; and the cross
must bring us back to God.
- 4 O sons of men ! with anxious care
your hearts and ways explore ;
Return from paths of vice to God ;
return and sin no more !

XXX. HOSEA vi. 1,—4.

- 1 **C**OME, let us to the Lord our God
with contrite hearts return ;

Go,

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(30)
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
the desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempests forth,
and stills the stormy wave :
And though his arm be strong to finite,
'tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd :
the dawn shall bring us light ;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
with gladness in his fight.

4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
shall know him, and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
like morning-songs his voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,
diffusing fragrance round :
As show'rs that usher in the spring,
and cheer the thirsty ground ;

6 So shall his presence bless our souls,
and shed a joyful light ;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
the sorrows of the night.

XXXI. MICAH vi. 6,--9.

THUS speaks the Heathen ; how shall
the Pow'r supreme adore ? [man
With what accepted off'rings come
his mercy to implore ?

Shall clouds of incense to the skies
with grateful odour speed ?

Or victims from a thousand hills
upon the altar bleed ?

Does justice nobler blood demand
to save the sinner's life ?

Shall,

Shall, trembling, in his offspring's side
the father plunge the knife ?

4. No : God rejects the bloody rites
which blindfold zeal began ;
His oracles of truth proclaim
the message brought to man.

5. He what is good hath clearly shown,
O favour'd race ! to thee.
And what doth God require of those
who bend to him the knee ?

6 Thy deeds, let sacred justice rule ;
thy heart, let mercy fill ;
And, walking humbly with thy God,
to him resign thy will.

XXXII. HABAK. iii. 17,—18.

1. **W**HAT though no flow'rs the fig-tree
clothe

tho' vines their fruit deny ;
The labour of the olive fail,
and fields no meat supply ?

2 Tho' from the fold, with sad surprise,
my flock cut off I see ;
Tho' famine pines in empty stalls
were herds were wont to be ?

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
and glory in his love ;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
of my salvation prove.

4 He to my tardy feet shall lend
the swiftness of the roe ;
Till, rais'd on high, I safely dwell
beyond the reach of woe.

5 God is the treasure of my soul,
the source of lasting joy,
A joy which want shall not impair,
nor death itself destroy.

XXXIII. MATTH. vi 9,—14.

1 **F**ATHER of all ! we bow to thee,
who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd ;
But present still thro' all thy works,
the universal Lord.

2 For ever hallow'd be thy name
by all beneath the skies ;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
till grace to glory rise.

3 A grateful homage may we yield,
with hearts resign'd to thee ;
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
on earth so let it be.

From day to day, we humbly own
the hand that feeds us still :

Give us our bread, and teach to rest
contented in thy will.

Our sins before thee we confess ;

O may they be forgiv'n !

As we to others mercy shew,

we mercy beg from Heav'n.

Still let thy grace our life direct ;

from evil guard our way ;

And in temptation's fatal path

permit us not to stray.

For thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine ;

(all glory's due to thee,)

Thine from eternity they were,

and thine shall ever be.

XXXIV.

XXXIV. MATTH. xi. 25. to the end.

1 **T**HUS spoke the Saviour of the world,
and rais'd his eyes to heav'n ;

To thee, O Father ! Lord of all,
eternal praise be given.

2 Thou to the pure and lowly heart
hast heav'nly truth reveal'd ;

Which from the self-conceited mind
thy wisdom hath conceal'd.

3 Even so ! thou, Father, hast ordain'd
thy high decree to stand ;

Nor men nor angels may presume
the reason to demand.

4 Thou only know'st the Son ; from thee
my king-dom I receive ;

And none the Father know but they
who in the Son believe.

5 Come, then to me, all ye who groan,
with guilt and fears oppress'd ;

Resign to me the willing heart,
and I will give you rest.

6 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
the meek and lowly mind ;

And thus your weary troubled souls
repose and peace shall find.

7 For light and gentle is my yoke,
the burden I impose,

Shall ease the heart which groan'd before
beneath a load of woes.

XXXV. MATTH. xxvi. 26, — 29.

1 **T**WAS on that night when doom'd
The eager rage of every foe,

That night in which he was betray'd,

The Saviour of the world took bread.

- 2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n,
To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his followers spoke :
- 3 My broken body thus I give
For you, for all ; take, eat, and live ;
And oft the sacred rite renew,
That brings my wond'rous love to view.
- 4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and prais'd ;
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd.
- 5 My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies ;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And Heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.
- 6 With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught ;
Through latest ages let it pour,
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

XXXVI. LUKE i. 46,—56.

- 1 **M**Y soul and spirit, fill'd with joy,
my God and saviour praise,
Whose goodness did from poor estate
his humble handmaid raise.
- 2 Me bless'd of God, the God of might,
all ages shall proclaim ;
From age to age his mercy lasts,
and holy is his name.
- 3 Strength with his arm th' Almighty shew'd ;
the proud his looks abas'd ;
He cast the mighty to the ground,
the meek to honour rais'd.

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- 4 The hungry with good things were fill'd,
the rich with hunger pin'd ;
He sent his servant Isra'l help,
and call'd his love to mind ;
- 5 Which to our father's ancient race
his promise did ensure,
To Abrah'm and his chosen seed,
for ever to endure.

XXXVII. LUKE ii. 8,—15.

- 1 **W**HILE humble shepherds watch'd their
in Bethleh'm's plains by night, [flocks
An angel sent from heav'n appear'd,
and fill'd the plains with light.
- 2 Fear not, he said, (for sudden dread
had seiz'd their troubled mind ;)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
to you and all mankind.
- 3 To you, in David's town, this day
is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
and this shall be the sign :
- 4 The heav'nly babe you there shall find
to human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swaddling-bands,
and in a manger laid.
- 5 Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
address'd their joyful song :
- 6 All Glory be to God on high,
and to the earth be peace ;
Good will is shewn by Heav'n to men,
and never more shall cease.

XXXVIII. LUKE ii. 25,—33.

- 1** **T**RUST and devout old Simeon liv'd ;
 to whom it was reveal'd,
 That Christ, the Lord, his eyes should see,
 ere death his eye-lids seal'd.
- 2** For this consoling gift of Heav'n
 to Israel's fallen state,
 From year to year with patient hope
 the aged saint did wait.
- 3** Nor did he wait in vain ; for, lo !
 revolving years brought round,
 In season due, the happy day,
 which all his wishes crown'd.
- 4** When Jesus to the temple brought
 by Mary's pious care,
 As Heav'n's appointed rites requir'd,
 to God was offer'd there.
- 5** Simeon into those sacred courts
 a heav'nly impulse drew ;
 He saw the Virgin hold her Son,
 and straight his Lord he knew.
- 6** With holy joy upon his face
 the good old father smil'd ;
 Then fondly in his wither'd arms
 he clasp'd the promis'd child ;
- 7** And while he held the heav'n-born babe,
 ordain'd to bless mankind,
 Thus spoke, with earnest look, and heart
 exulting, yet resign'd :
- 8** Now, Lord ! according to thy word,
 let me in peace depart ;
 Mine eyes have thy salvation seen,
 and gladness fills my heart.

- 9 At length my arms embrace my Lord,
 now let their vigour cease ;
 At last my eyes my Saviour see,
 now let them close in peace.
- 10 This great salvation, long prepar'd,
 and now disclos'd to view,
 Hath prov'd thy love was constant still,
 and promises were true.
- 11 That sun I now behold whose light,
 shall Heathen darkness chase ;
 And rays of brightest glory pour
 around thy chosen race.

XXXIX. LUKE iv. 18, 19.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes !
 the Saviour promis'd long ;
 Let ev'ry heart exult with joy,
 and ev'ry voice be song !
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely shed,
 exerts its sacred fire ;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 his holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the pris'ners to relieve
 in Satan's bondage held ;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 the iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from dark'ning scales of vice
 to clear the inward sight ;
 And on the eye-balls of the blind
 to pour celestial light.
- 5 He comes, the broken hearts to bind,
 the bleeding souls to cure ;
 And with the treasures of his grace
 enrich the humble poor.

- 6 The sacred year has now revolv'd,
accepted of the Lord,
When Heav'n's high promise is fulfill'd,
and Isra'l is restor'd.
- 7 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace !
thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And Heav'n's exalted arches ring
with thy most holy name.

XL. LUKE XV. 13,—25.

- 1 **T**HE wretched prodigal behold
in mis'ry lying low,
Whom vice had sunk from high estate,
and plung'd in want and woe.
- 2 While I, despis'd and scorn'd, he cries,
starve in a foreign land,
The meanest in my father's house
is fed with bount'ous hand ;
- 3 I'll go, and with a mourning voice
fall down before his face :
Father ! I've sinn'd 'gainst Heav'n and thee,
nor can deserve thy grace.
- 4 He said, and hasten'd to his home
to seek his father's love ;
The father sees him from afar,
and all his bowels move,
- 5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
embrac'd and kiss'd his son ;
The grieving prodigal bewail'd
the follies he had done.
- 6 No more, my father, can I hope
to find paternal grace ;
My utmost wish is to obtain
a servant's humble place.

- 7 Bring forth the fairest robe for him,
the joyful father said ;
To him each mark of grace be shewn,
and ev'ry honour paid :
- 8 A day of feasting I ordain ;
let mirth and song abound ;
My son was dead, and lives again,
was lost, and now is found.
- 9 Thus joy abounds in paradise
among the hosts of Heav'n,
Soon as the sinner quits his sins,
repents, and is forgiv'n.

XLI. JOHN iii. 14,—19.

- 1 **A**S when the Hebrew prophet rais'd
the brazen serpent high,
The wounded look'd, and straight were cur'd,
the people ceas'd to die ;
- 2 So from the Saviour on the cross
a healing virtue flows ;
Who looks to him with lively faith
is sav'd from endless woes.
- 3 For God gave up his Son to death,
so gen'rous was his love,
That all the faithful might enjoy
eternal life above.
- 4 Not to condemn the sons of men
the Son of God appear'd ;
No weapons in his hand are seen,
nor voice of terror heard :
5. He came to raise our fallen state,
and our lost hopes restore ;
Faith leads us to the mercy-seat,
and bids us fear no more.

- 6 But vengeance just for ever lies
on all the rebel-race,
Who God's eternal Son despise,
and scorn his offer'd grace.

XLII. JOHN xiv. 1,—7.

- 1 **L**ET not your hearts with anxious thoughts
be troubled or dismay'd ;
But trust in Providence divine,
and trust my gracious aid.
- 2 I to my Father's house return ;
there num'rous mansions stand,
And glory manifold abounds
through all the happy land.
- 3 I go your entrance to secure,
and your abode prepare ;
Regions unknown are safe to you
when I, your friend, am there.
- 4 Thence shall I come, when ages close,
to take you home with me ;
There shall we meet to part no more,
and still together be.
- 5 I am the way, the truth, the life :
no son of human race,
But such as I conduct and guide,
shall see my Father's face.

XLIII. JOHN xiv. 25,—28.

- 1 **Y**OU now must hear my voice no more ;
my Father calls me home ;
But soon from Heav'n the Holy Ghost
your Comforter, shall come.
- 2 That heavenly Teacher sent from God,
shall your whole soul inspire ;
Your minds shall fill with sacred truth,
your hearts, with sacred fire.

- 3 Peace is the gift I leave with you,
my peace to you bequeath ;
Peace that shall comfort you thro' life
and chear your souls in death.
- 4 I give not as the world bestows,
with promise false and vain ;
Nor cares, nor fears, shall wound the heart
in which my words remain.

XLIV. JOHN xix. 30.

r **B**EHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
a spectacle of woe !

See from his agonizing wounds
the blood incessant flow,

2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek
and trembling lips were spread ;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
and life his drooping head.

3 'Tis finish'd, was his latest voice ;
these sacred accents o'er,
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,
and suffer'd pain no more.

4 'Tis finish'd—The Messiah dies
for sins, but not his own ;
The great redemption is complete,
and Satan's power o'erthrown.

5 'Tis finish'd—All his groans are past ;
his blood, his pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
and crown'd him with their spoils.

6 'Tis finish'd—Legal worship ends,
and gospel ages run ;
All old things now are past away,
and a new world begun.

XLV. ROMANS ii. 4,—8.

1 **U**NGRATEFUL sinners ! whence this scorn
of God's long-suff'ring grace ?
And whence this madness that insults
th' Almighty to his face ?

2 Is it because his patience waits,
and pitying bowels move,
You multiply transgressions more,
and scorn his offer'd love ?

3 Dost thou not know, self-blinded man !
his goodness is design'd
To wake repentance in thy soul,
and melt thy harden'd mind ?

4 And wilt thou rather chuse to meet
th' Almighty as thy foe,
And treasure up his wrath in store
against the day of woe ?

5 Soon shall that fatal day approach,
that must thy sentence seal,
And right'ous judgements now unknown
in awful pomp reveal ;

6 While they who full of holy deeds
to glory seek to rise,
Continuing patient to the end,
shall gain th' immortal prize.

XLVI. ROMANS iii. 19,—22.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
upon their works have built ;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
their actions full of guilt.

Silent let Jew and Gentile stand,
without one vaunting word ;

And, humbled low, confess their guilt
before Heav'n's righteous Lord.

3 No

- 3 No hope can on the law be built
of justifying grace ;
The law that shews the sinner's guilt
condemns him to his face.
- 4 Jesus ! how glorious is thy grace ?
when in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a right'ousness
that makes the sinner just.

XLVII. ROMANS vi. 1,—7.

- 1 **A**ND shall we then go on to sin,
that grace may more abound ?
Great God forbid that such a thought
should in our breast be found !
- 2 When to the sacred fount we came,
did not the rite proclaim,
That, wash'd from sin, and all its stains,
new creatures we became ?
- 3 With Christ the Lord we died to sin ;
with him to life we rise,
To life, which now begun on earth
is perfect in the skies.
- 4 Too long enthrall'd to Satan's sway,
we now are slaves no more ;
For Christ hath vanquish'd Death and Sin,
our freedom to restore.

XLVIII. ROMANS viii. 31. to the end.

- 1 **L**ET Christian faith and hope dispel
the fears of guilt and woe ;
The Lord Almighty is our friend,
and who can prove a foe ?
- 2 He who his Son most dear and lov'd
gave up for us to die,
Shall he not all things freely give
that goodness can supply ?

- Behold the best and greatest gift,
of everlasting love !
Behold the pledge of peace below,
and perfect bliss above !
- 4 Where is the judge, who can condemn,
since God hath justifi'd ?
Who shall charge those with guilt or crime,
for whom the Saviour died ?
- 5 The Saviour died, but rose again
triumphant from the grave ;
And pleads our cause at God's right-hand,
omnipotent to save.
- Who then can e'er divide us more
from Jesus and his love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
the earth to heav'n above ?
- Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
and days of darkness fall ;
Through him all dangers we'll defy,
and more than conquer all.
- Nor death nor life, nor earth nor hell,
nor time's destroying sway,
Can e'er efface us from his heart,
or make his love decay.
- Each future period that will bless
as it has bless'd the past ;
He lov'd us from the first of time ;
he loves us to the last.

XLIX. CORINTH. xiii.

THOU' perfect eloquence adorn'd
my sweet persuading tongue,
tho' I could speak in higher strains
than ever angel sung ;

- 2 Tho' prophecy my soul inspir'd,
and made all myst'ries plain;
Yet, were I void of Christian love,
these gifts were all in vain.
- 3 Nay, tho' my faith with boundless pow'r
e'en mountains could remove,
I still am nothing, if I'm void
of charity and love.
- 4 Although with lib'ral hand I gave
my goods the poor to feed,
Nay, gave my body to the flames,
still fruitless were the deed.
- 5 Love suffers long: love envies not;
but love is ever kind:
She never boasteth of herself,
nor proudly lifts the mind.
- 6 Love harbours no suspicious thought,
is patient to the bad;
Griev'd when she hears of sins and crimes,
and in the truth is glad.
- 7 Love no unseemly carriage shows,
nor selfishly confin'd;
She glows with social tenderness,
and feels for all mankind.
- 8 Love beareth much, much she believes,
and still she hopes the best;
Love meekly suffers many a wrong,
though sore with hardship press'd.
- 9 Love still shall hold an endless reign,
in earth and heav'n above,
When tongues shall cease, and Promets fail,
and ev'ry gift but love.

10 Here all our ~~g~~ imperfect are,
but better days draw nigh,
When perfect light shall pour its rays,
and all those shadows fly.

11 Like children here we speak and think,
amused with childish toys ;
But when our powers their manhood reach,
we'll scorn our present joys.

12 Now dark and dim, as thro' a glass,
are God and truth beheld ;
Then shall we see, as face to face,
and God shall be unveil'd.

13 Faith, Hope, and Love, now dwell on earth,
and earth by them is blest ;
But Faith and Hope must yield to Love,
of all the graces, best.

14 Hope shall to full fruition rise,
and Faith be sight above ;
These are the means, but this the end ;
for saints for ever love.

L. I CORINTH. xvi. 52. to the end.

WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
this rending earth shall shake,
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
and dust to life awake,

Those bodies that corrupted fell,
shall incorrupted rise ;
And mortal forms shall spring to life
immortal in the skies.

Behold, what heav'nly Prophets sung
is now at last fulfill'd,
That Death should yield his ancient reign,
and, vanquish'd, quit the field.

4 Let

- 4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
and thus begin to sing:
O Grave! where is thy triumph now?
and where, O Death! thy sting?
- 5 Thy sting was sin, and - nscious guilt;
'twas this that arm'd thy dart;
The law gave sin its strength, and force
to pierce the sinner's heart.
- 6 But God, whose name be ever blest!
disarms that foe we dread,
And makes us conqu'rors when we die,
through Christ our living head.
- 7 Then, stedfast let us still remain,
though dangers rise around,
And in the work prescrib'd by God
yet more and more abound;
- 8 Assur'd, that though we labour now,
we labour not in vain,
But, through the grace of heav'n's great Lord,
th' eternal crown shall gain.

LI. 2 CORINTH. V. I, — II.

- 1 **S**OON shall this earthly frame dissolv'd
in death and ruins lie;
But better mansions wait the just,
prepar'd above the sky.
- 2 An house eternal, built by God,
shall lodge the holy mind;
When once those prison-walls have fall'n
by which 'tis now confin'd.
- 3 Hence, burthen'd with a weight of clay,
we groan beneath the load,
Waiting the hour which sets us free,
and brings us home to God.

- 1 We know, that when the soul uncloath'd
 shall from this body fly,
 'Twill animate a purer frame
 with life that cannot die.
- 5 Such are the hopes that cheer the just;
 these hopes their God hath giv'n:
 His Spirit is the earnest now,
 and seals their souls for heav'n.
- 6 We walk by faith of joys to come,
 faith grounded on his word;
 But while this body is our home,
 we mourn an absent Lord.
- 7 What faith rejoices to believe,
 we long and pant to see;
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 and present, Lord! with thee.
- 8 But still, or here, or going hence,
 to this our labours tend,
 That, in his service spent, our life
 may in his favour end.
- 9 For, lo! before the Son, as Judge,
 th' assembled world shall stand,
 To take the punishment or prize
 from his unerring hand.
- 10 Impartial retributions then
 our diff'rent lives await;
 Our present actions, good or bad,
 shall fix our future fate.

III. PHILIP. ii. 6,—12.

YE who the name of Jesus bear,
 his sacred steps pursue;
 And let that mind which was in him
 be also found in you.

2 Though

- 2 Though in the form of God he was
his only Son declar'd
Nor to be equally ador'd
as robb'ry did regard ;
- 3 His greatness he for us abas'd,
for us his glory veil'd ;
In human likeness dwelt on earth,
his majesty conceal'd ;
- 4 Nor only as a man appears,
but stoops a servant low ;
Submits to death, nay, bears the cross
in all its shame and woe.
- 5 Hence God this gen'rous love to men
with honours just hath crown'd,
And rais'd the name of Jesus far
above all names renown'd,
- 6 That at his name, with sacred awe,
each humbled knee shall bow,
Of hosts immortal in the skies,
and nations spread below ;
- 7 That all the prostrate pow'rs of hell
might tremble at his word,
And ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue
confess that he is Lord.

LIII. 1 THIMOTHY. iv. 13. to the end.

- 1 **T**AKE comfort, Christians ! when your
in Jesus fall asleep ; [friends]
Their better being never ends ;
why then dejected weep ?
- 2 Why inconsolable, as those
to whom no hope is giv'n ?
Death is the messenger of peace,
and calls the soul to heav'n.

3 As Jesus died, and rose again victori'us from the dead ;
So his disciples rise, and reign with their triumphant Head.

4 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
the heav'ns and earth shall rend.

5 Then they who live shall changed be,
and they who sleep shall wake ;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge
and earth's foundations shake.

The saints of God, from death set free,
with joy shall mount on high ;
The heav'nly hosts with praises loud
shall meet them in the sky.

Together to their Father's house
with joyful hearts they go ;
And dwell for ever with the Lord
beyond the reach of woe.

A few short years of evil past,
we reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
shall meet, to part no more.

LIV. 2 TIM. i. 12.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
or to defend his cause,
Maintain the glory of his cross,
and honour all his laws.

Yes, my Lord ! I know his name,
his name is all my boast ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
nor let my hope be lost.

- 3 I know that safe with him remains,
protected by his pow'r,
What I've committed to his trust,
till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own his servant's name
before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
appoint my soul a place.

LV. 2 TIM. iv. 6; 7, 8, 18.

- 1 **M**Y race is run ; my warfare's o'er ;
the solemn hour is nigh,
When, offer'd up to God, my soul
shall wing its flight on high.
- 2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
the battles of the Lord ;
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
depending on his word.
- 3 Henceforth there is laid up for me
a crown which cannot fade ;
The right'ous Judge at that great day
shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the Sov'reign Lord decreed
this prize for me alone ;
But for all such as love like me
th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 From ev'ry snare and evil work,
his grace shall me defend,
And to his heav'nly kingdom safe
shall bring me in the end.

LVI. TITUS iii. 3,—9.

- 1 **H**OW wretched was our former state
when, slaves to Satan's sway,
With hearts disorder'd and impure,
o'erwhelm'd in sin we lay !

But, O my soul, for ever praise,
for ever love his name,
Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
of folly, sin, and shame.

Vain and presumptu'us is the trust
which in our works we place,
Salvation from a higher source
flows to the human race.

'Tis from the mercy of our God
that all our hopes begin ;
His mercy sav'd our souls from death,
and wash'd our souls from sin.

His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
its sacred fire imparts,
Refines our dross, and love divine
rekindles in our hearts.

Thence, rais'd from death, we live anew,
and, justifi'd by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
and see our Father's face.

Let all who hold this faith and hope
in holy deeds abound ;
Thus faith approves itself sincere
by a live virtue crown'd.

LVII. HEB. iv. 14. to the end.

Jesus, the Son of God, who once
for us his life resign'd,
Now lives in heav'n our great High Priest,
and never-dying Friend.

Thro' his thro' death, let us to him
with constancy adhere ;
He shall supply new strength, and hope
and banish every fear.

- 3 To human weakness not severe
is our High Priest above ;
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
his bowels melt with love.
- 4 With sympathetic feelings touch'd,
he knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations are,
for he has felt the same.
- 5 But though he felt temptation's pow'r,
unconquer'd he remain'd ;
Nor, 'midst the frailty of our frame,
by sin was ever stain'd.
- 6 As in the days of feeble flesh
he pour'd forth cries and tears ;
So, though exalted, still he feels
what ev'ry Christian bears.
- 7 Then let us with a filial heart
come boldly to the throne
Of grace supreme, to tell our griefs,
and all our wants make known ;
- 8 That mercy we may there obtain
for sins and errors past,
And grace to help in time of need,
while days of trial last.

LVIII. Another version of the same

- I **W**HERE high the heav'nly temple
The house of God not made with hands
A great High Priest our nature wears ;
The guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood
Pursues in heav'n his mighty plan,
The Saviour, and the friend of man.

- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.
- 5 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part ;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known ;
And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r
To help us in the evil hour.

LIX. HEB. xii. 1,—13.

W^h **BEHOLD** what witnesses unseen
an^d encompass us around ;
Let all once like us with suff'ring try'd,
in hol^y now with glory crown'd.

Thus faith^{ful} with zeal like theirs inspir'd,
by active the Christian race,

LVII. d from each encumb'ring weight,
by footsteps trace.

JESUS, thy
for us
Now live a Witness nobler still,
and in O trod affliction's path,
at once the finisher
author of our faith.

with the joy before him set,
gen'rous was his love,
ur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
and now he reigns above.

- 5 If he the scorn of wicked men,
with patience did sustain,
Becomes it those for whom he died
to murmur or complain.
- 6 Have ye, like him, to blood, to death,
the cause of truth maintain'd ?
And is your heav'nly Father's voice
forgotten or disdain'd ?
- 7 My son, saith he, with patient mind
endure the chast'ning rod ;
Believe, when by affliction tried,
that thou art lov'd by God.
- 8 His children thus most dear to him,
their heav'nly Father trains,
Through all the hard experience led
of sorrows and of pains.
- 9 We know he owns us for his sons,
when we correction share ;
Nor wander as a bastard race,
without our Father's care.
- 10 A father's voice with rev'rence we
on earth have often heard ;
The Father of our spirits now
demands the same regard.
- 11 Parents may err ; but he is wise,
nor lifts the rod in vain ;
His chast'nings serve to cure the soul
by salutary pain.
- 12 Affliction, when it spreads around,
may seem a field of woe,
Yet there, at last, the happy fruits
of right'ousness shall grow.

- 3 Then, let our hearts no more despond,
 our hands be weak no more ;
 Still let us trust our Father's love,
 his wisdom still adore.

LX. HEB. xiii. 20, 21.

- 1 **F**ATHER of peace, and God of love !
 we own thy pow'r to save,
 That pow'r by which our Shepherd rose
 victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 Him from the dead thou brought'st again,
 when, by his sacred blood,
 Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore
 th' eternal cov'nant stood.
- 3 O may thy Spirit seal our souls,
 and mould them to thy will,
 That our weak hearts no more may stray,
 but keep thy precepts still ;
- 4 That to perfection's sacred height
 we nearer still may rise,
 And all we think, and all we do,
 be pleasing in thine eyes.

LXI. 1 PET. i. 3,—5.

- B**LESS'D be the everlasting God,
 the Father of our Lord ;
 Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
 his majesty ador'd.
- When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
 and call'd him to the sky,
 He gave our souls a lively hope
 that they should never die.
- To an inheritance divine
 he taught our hearts to rise ;
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
 unfading in the skies.

4 Saints

4 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
till the salvation come :

We walk with faith as strangers here ;
but Christ shall call us home.

EXIL. 2 PET. iii. 3, — 14.

1 **L**O! in the last of days behold
A faithless race arise ;
Their lawless lust their only rule ;
and thus the scoffer cries :

2 Where is the promise, deemed so true,
that spoke the Saviour near ?
E'er since our fathers slept in dust,
no change has reach'd our ear.

3 Years roll'd on years successive glide,
since first the world began,
And on the tide of time still floats,
secure, the bark of man.

4 Thus speaks the scoffer ; but his words
conceal the truth he knows,
That from the water's dark abyss
the earth at first arose.

5 But when the sons of men began
with one consent to stray,
At Heav'n's command a deluge swept
the godless race away.

6 A diff'rent fate is now prepar'd
for Nature's trembling frame ;
Soon shall her orbs be all enwrapt
in one devouring flame.

7 Reserv'd are sinners for the hour,
when to the gulph below,
Arm'd with the hand of sov'reign pow'r,
the Judge consigns his foe.

- 8 Tho' now, ye just! the time appears
protracted, dark, unknown,
An hour, a day, a thousand years,
to heav'n's great Lord are one.
- 9 Still all may share his sov'reign grace,
in ev'ry change secure;
The meek, the suppliant contrite race,
shall find his mercy sure.
- 10 The contrite race he counts his friends,
forbids the suppliant's fall;
Condemns reluctant, but extends
the hope of grace to all.
- 11 Yet as the night-wrapp'd thief, who lurks
to seize the expected prize;
Thus steals the hour when Christ shall come,
and thunder rend the skies.
- 12 Then at the loud, the solemn peal,
the heav'n's shall burst away;
The elements shall melt in flame
at Nature's final day.
- 13 Since all this frame of things must end,
as Heav'n has so decreed,
How wise our inmost thoughts to guard,
and watch o'er ev'ry deed.
- 14 Expecting calm th' appointed hour,
when Nature's conflict o'er,
A new and better world shall rise,
where sin is known no more!

LXIII. 1 JOHN iii. 1-4.

BEHOLD th' amazing gift of love
the Father hath bestow'd
On us, the sinful sons of men,
that we may be his sons of God.

2 Con-

- 2 Conceal'd as yet his honour lies,
by this dark world unknown,
A world that knew not when he came,
ev'n Gqd's eternal Son.
- 3 High is the rank we now possess ;
but higher we shall rise ;
Though what we shall hereafter be
is hid from mortal eyes :
- 4 Our souls, we know, when he appears,
shall bear his in- gen- light ;
For all his glory, till unclos'd,
shall open to our sight.
- 5 A hope so great and so divine
may trials well endure,
And purge the soul from sense and sin,
as Christ himself is pure.

LXIV. REV. i. 5,—9.

- 1 **T**O him that lov'd the souls of men,
and wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honours rais'd our head,
and made us priests to God ;
- 2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
And ev'ry heart be love !
All grateful honours paid on earth,
and nobler songs above !
- 3 Behold on flying clouds he comes !
his saints shall bless the day ;
While they that pierc'd him sadly mourn
in anguish and dismay.
- 4 I am the First, and I the Last ;
time centers all in me ;
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
and evermore shall be.

LXV. REV. v. 6. to the end.

- 1 **B**EHOOLD the glories of the Lamb,
amidst his Father's throne ;
Prepare new honours for his name,
and songs before unknown.
- 2 Lo ! elders worship at his feet,
the church adores around,
With vials full of odours rich,
and harps of sweetest sound.
- 3 These odours are the pray'rs of saints,
these sounds the hymns they raise ;
God bends his ear to their requests,
he loves to hear their praise.
- 4 Who shall the Father's record search,
and hidden things reveal ?
Behold the Son that record takes,
and opens every seal.
- 5 Mark ! how th' adoring hosts above
with songs surround the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues ;
but all their hearts are one.
- 6 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry
to be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, let us reply,
for he was slain for us.
- 7 To him be pow'r divine ascrib'd,
and endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
for ever on his head.
- 8 Thou hast redeem'd us with thy blood,
and set the pris'ners free ;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
and we shall reign with thee.

- 9 From ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,
 thou brought'st thy chosen race ;
 And distant lands and isles have shar'd
 the riches of thy grace.
- 10 Let all that dwell above the sky, ●
 or on the earth below,
 With fields and floods, and ocean's shore,
 to thee their homage show.
- 11 To him who sits upon the throne,
 the God whom we adore,
 And to the Lamb, that once was slain,
 be glory evermore.

LXVI. REV. vii. 13. to the end.

- 1 **H**OW bright these glorious spirits shine,
 whence all their white array ?
 How came they to the blissful seats
 of everlasting day ?
- 2 Lo ! these are they from suff'rings great
 who came to realms of light,
 And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
 those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
 before the throne on high,
 And serve the God they love, amidst
 the glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
 tunes ev'ry mouth to sing ;
 By day, by night, the sacred courts
 with glad hosannahs ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
 nor suns with scorching ray ;
 God is their sun, whose cheering beams
 diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb who dwells amidst the throne
shall o'er them still preside ;
feed them with nourishment divine,
and all their footsteps guide.

7 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

LXVII. REV. xxi. 1,—9.

1 **L**O ! what a glorious sight appears
to our admiring eyes ;
The former seas have pass'd away,
the former earth and skies.

2 From heav'n the New Jerus'lem comes,
all worthy of its Lord ;
See all things now at last renew'd,
and paradise restor'd.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
and the bright armies sing ;
Mortals ! behold the sacred seat
of your descending King !

4 The God of glory down to men
removes his bless'd abode ;
He dwells with men ; his people they,
and he his peoples God.

5 His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
from ev'ry weeping eye ;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
and Death itself shall die.

6 Behold, I change all human things !
said he whose words are true ;
Lo ! what was old is past away,
and all things are made new !

- 7 I am the First, and I the Last,
thro' endless years the same ;
I AM, is my memorial still,
and my eternal name.
- 8 Ho, ye that thirst ! to you my grace
shall hidden streams disclose,
And open full the sacred spring
whence life for ever flows.
- 9 Bless'd is the man that overcomes ;
I'll own him for a son ;
A rich inheritance rewards
the conquests he hath won.
- 10 But bloody hands and hearts unclean,
and all the lying race,
The faithless and the scoffing crew,
who spurn at offer'd grace.
- 11 They, seiz'd by justice, shall be doom'd,
in dark abyss to lie ;
And in the fiery burning lake,
the second death shall die.
- 12 O may we stand before the Lamb,
when earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce our name,
with blessings on our head.

H Y M N S.

H Y M N I.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God
my rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
in wonder, love and praise.
- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
the gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart &
but Thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
and all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
and hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
thy mercy lent an ear,
And yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
to form themselves in pray'r.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
from whom these comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
with heedless steps I ran;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
and led me up to man:
- 7 Thy hid'den dangers, toils, and deaths,
thou gently clear'd my way;

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And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
more to be fear'd than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
with health renew'd my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
reviv'd my soul with grace.

9 Thy bount'ous hand with worldly bliss
hath made my cup run o'er ;
And in a kind and faithful friend
hath doubled all my store.

10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
my daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a chearful heart
that tastes these gifts with joy.

11 Through ev'ry period of my life
thy goodness I'll proclaim ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
resume the glorious theme.

12 When nature fails, and day and night
divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
thy mercy shall adore.

13 Through all eternity, to thee
a joyful song I'll raise ;
For, oh ! eternity's too short
to utter all thy praise.

H Y M N II.

1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangl'd heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

thy wondrous way, from day to day,
Shew his Creator's pow'r display;
And publish to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst the radiant orbs be found?

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glor'ous voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

H Y M N III.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!

If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,

When thou, O Lord! shalt stand discover'd
In thy fiery severn,
How shall I appear on my soul,
And how shall I appear!

4 But

- 4 But thou hast told the secret of my heart,
 who doth her sins conceal;
 That timely grief for secret pain
 Shall future woe prevent.
- 5 Then see the sorrows of my heart,
 ere yet it be too late;
 And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
 to give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
 of mercy at thy throne,
 Who knows thine only Son has dy'd,
 thy justice to atone.

H Y M N IV.

- 1 **B**LEST morning, whose first dawning rays
 beheld the Son of God
 Arise triumphant from the grave,
 and leave his dark abode.
- 2 Wrapt in the silence of the tomb
 the great Redeemer lay,
 Till the revolving skies had brought
 the third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave combin'd their force
 to hold our Lord in vain;
 Sudden, the Conqueror arose,
 and burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name Almighty Lord
 we sacred honours pay,
 And loud hosannas shall proclaim
 the triumphs of the day.
- 5 Salvation and immortal praise
 to our victori'us King
 Let heav'n and earth, and rocks, and seas
 with glad hosannas ring.

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